

MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY

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POPE PIUS VII.

MERRY ENGLAND

APRIL, 1886.

Jesuit and Historian.

A CORDIAL welcome will be given to the two volumes which tell the history of Catholic Emancipation and the progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles (chiefly in England) from 1771 to 1820, just issued by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.—the work of one who was well known thirty years ago at the bar and in Catholic society, but has now been long a member of the most powerful religious community in Great Britain. Related by birth with some of the actors in scenes which he describes, the brother of a bishop, and himself a Jesuit, Father Amherst combines quite unusual qualifications for penetrating the motives and interpreting the policy of the men who sought and obtained emancipation.

The spirit in which he sets about his task is explained in the dedication. "To the Catholic young men of England," writes Father Amherst, "I dedicate this work, in the hope that from its perusal they may thank God for the blessings He has showered upon us, and may learn what to avoid and what to do, as faithful members of the Church, as loyal subjects of the Queen, and as true men, resolved to use their liberty as Englishmen in defence of their religion as Catholics." Such objects command sympathy. Father Amherst directs attention to history with the purpose of stimulating the Catholic laity to

combined action and agitation. "I most deliberately say," he writes in his Introduction, "that the action of the young Catholic men of England in Catholic affairs at the present day is mere idleness and sloth as compared with the energetic action of their fathers—it is not now the law or Acts of Parliament that prevent us taking our proper position, but our own apathy. It is rather a good sign when a Catholic is abused for his political acts" (a consideration which may help to support those of us who remain Liberals). "In political action in the United Kingdom everything depends on the power of fighting. Political life and political action under the English Constitution are certainly a warfare; and a wrong which affects religion must be remedied by the same means as are employed to put an Englishman into a better position as to his franchise, or his house, or his food, or anything else." The Catholic laity, then, must fight, and to this end they must drill. The quiet, easy ways of the Catholic Union avail naught. "There should be an association to do now what the Catholic Institute did in years gone by, and from its headquarters in London bring to bear upon Ministers and Parliament the influence of a representative body whose members, from their numbers and station, can make themselves respectfully and oftentimes efficaciously heard." But Father Amherst has many hard things to say of the Boards and Committees which preceded the Catholic Institute, and he must perfectly remember the disruption of the Institute and the short and stormy career of the political Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The truth appears to be that the two questions linked by Father Amherst require to be dissociated and kept apart. Combination among persons who are not agreed in social and political views, and have not even acquired the habit of candid discussion, must be unreal. Since lay Catholics differ widely among themselves upon every point which lies beyond the fundamental articles of faith, and at the same time are

unusually intolerant of differences of opinion, they are practically incapable of united action. If they combine, it can only be to do nothing. Since they never meet to discuss differences, and, if so be, to convince one another, disagreement and divergence among them are more likely to grow than to diminish. Hence, to combine the question of lay energy and activity with the question of lay association is to extinguish the hope of individual advance in the despair of general torpidity. The true policy would be to free from the inert mass such individuals as possess enterprise and ability; to encourage every capable man amongst us to make the best use of his faculties and, without waiting for the amalgamation of heterogeneous incompatibilities, to extend Catholic influence by his own vigorous attempts. English Catholics will attain to power and place without a Catholic Carlton whenever they exhibit the civil virtues which command power and place in a free country. The courage, determination, and singleness of purpose which carried first into the House of Commons, and then into high office, the blinded son of a Salisbury tradesman will open the same career to any Catholic layman similarly gifted. The fearless force of character of a Michael Davitt would accomplish marvels without the misunderstandings and contradictions of a Catholic Association. A true man will go further than a sham union.

Although a thorough Englishman, addressing the young men of England, Father Amherst manifests kindly feeling towards Ireland and the Irish, and expresses gratitude for favours received. "As the great Catholic power in the United Kingdom during the last hundred years had been and still is in Ireland, that power has, under good Providence, been exerted in many ways to improve the position of Catholics in England." John Bull cannot be expected always to bear in mind that the United Kingdom is not yet one hundred years old. Let that slip pass; the meaning is good and true. "Of

prejudice against Ireland because it is Catholic, of course we English Catholics have none, and therefore we are perfectly free from that element of prejudice which is the most noxious and the most deadly. But are we so free from the other portion of the compound? Is there no unreasonable national prejudice in our minds? Is there not rather a sufficient quantity of it to prevent us from steadily opposing, as we ought, however small our numbers may be, the more oppressive influence which religious, combined with national prejudice, exercises in the affairs of Ireland? It ought to be our boast not only that we never join in any cry against Ireland, but that we continually protest against the Sister Isle being governed by English opinion." Ireland governed by Irish opinion will be Ireland under Home Rule, and the declaration deliberately published by a respected English member of the Society of Jesus is opportune as well as important; but unfortunately Father Amherst postpones the concession of Ireland's rights to a period very remote indeed. "When the united action of Catholics," he says, "shall make it expedient to grant to the Irish what they want, and what they reasonably demand, then, but not till then, will their undoubted rights be obtained." Alas! Irish rights must then wait for the improbable event of united action among Catholics. But there are other powers at work. Father Amherst, like a sound Tory, fills pages with abuse of Mr. Gladstone, whose Government, though it contains more Catholics than any other we have seen, is yet opposed by perhaps the greater, and certainly by the louder, section of English Catholics. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone may be able to concede the undoubted rights of Ireland without consideration of the disunited Catholics. Meanwhile, "an English Catholic, who has little sympathy with the Irish has little sympathy with the Church."

Father Amherst is a Jesuit, and very properly he has good things to say of the Society, and sometimes, on the other hand,

he finds hard things to say of those he takes to be its enemies. And yet the characters which chiefly attract him, and the virtues which he most highly praises, are not those which the world expects to observe among the Jesuits. Sturdy John Milner, ready to see an opponent in every associate, and ignorant in any way to deal with an opponent except by knocking him down, and Father Charles Plowden, ex-Jesuit, supporting Dr. Milner by writing against priests and laymen, would not seem ideal heroes of the ordinary Jesuit type; yet these are the men whom above all others Father Amherst delights to honour. For Father Amherst's cardinal virtues take the following: "The Catholic laity must remember that they are Englishmen, in order that they may act as Englishmen, work as Englishmen are wont to work when they have an object to obtain, and show that energy and perseverance in prosecuting a cause, that open, straightforward, bold course of action, that rejection of unnecessary secrecy, and that love of wholesome publicity which are so characteristic of our race." "What will bear the light should be done in the light; and if it is avoiding the light, it should be dragged into the light." Admirable sentiments! and doubly admirable as coming from a representative of the Jesuits.

But it is high time to turn to the subject of Father Amherst's book and his method of treating it. The subject is Catholic Emancipation from 1771 to 1820. This must be taken to mean struggles for Emancipation, and defeated struggles too, for in 1820 the cause of religious freedom was sunk in gloom. The title of the book is a complete misnomer. Its historical method is faulty. Its object is not to search into the truth and meaning of events, but to sustain certain views of the writer. Such as it is, it stops some years short of Emancipation. In fact, it ends with Dr. Milner; and the primary motive of the book appears to be to set forth Dr. Milner's political action as a model for our imitation, with the subsidiary purpose of asserting the loyalty of English Catholics to the

Hanoverian dynasty. Upon both questions a great deal may be urged in opposition to Father Amherst's views.

Again and again he repeats emphatic declarations of Catholic loyalty ; indeed, the iteration is so persistent as almost to suggest a doubt of the writer's belief in his own assertions :—
“We are, to say the very least, as loyal to Queen and country as any other class of Her Majesty's subjects. We are more loyal than most of those who say we are not loyal. Exclusion, confiscation, and death have done their worst, and the loyalty of English Catholics is as sound as ever. We are loyal because we are Catholics. Our religion has taught us to be loyal ; our religion has made us loyal ; our religion keeps us loyal. To be English and to be Catholic are the two surest marks of a loyal subject. Our loyalty is not a loyalty of expediency, but one of justice and of right. It is not a matter of opinion ; it is founded on those laws of faith and morals by which the Church, guided by the Holy Spirit, has bound us. A loyalty which is founded on the opinion that a monarchy is for us the best form of government is a loyalty of expediency. Let no Englishman delude himself with the notion that a state of things will ever be brought about when the Catholics of England will give up either their loyalty or their faith. The loyalty of a subject to a sovereign is not greater than the loyalty of an Englishman to the authority of Queen, Lords, and Commons. We seek for that appreciation by those who govern us which is due to men who, through evil report and good report, for better and for worse, have always loved and clung to their country ; who among the loyal are the most loyal ; and who, should their mother country ever be in need, will prove themselves the children who love and honour her the most.”

Such are a few of Father Amherst's protestations of Catholic loyalty. It would have been well for him to define the meaning he attaches to loyalty which, as will have been observed, he confounds sometimes with patriotism and sometimes with appreciation of our existing constitutional government. But love of country is no guide during the troubles of a disputed succession, and the rule of faith does not include any plain obli-

gation to fight for the House of Lords against a majority of the nation. "No person," writes Father Amherst, "pretending to have an opinion on any political question can act or form a judgment with propriety, unless he has a good knowledge of English history." This axiom may be accepted. But then history should be studied by right method in the spirit of truth. "*Melius est ut scandalum oriatur quam ut veritas relinquatur*" is a maxim which has the approval of saints. Here is another historical canon of authority:—"Nos vero nec ejusmodi sumus ut prodicione viritatis delinquentem quemlibet Ecclesiae Romanae ministrum perdere nolimus, cum nec ipsa sibi hoc vindicat Romana Ecclesia, ut membra sua et Latere suo Legatos nissos omni carere turpitudine asserat. Non enim Deum aemulatur ut fortior illa sit." With truth, then, it cannot be denied that in the first half of the eighteenth century, British and Irish Catholics favoured the cause of the exiled family. They attached religious importance to the principle of hereditary succession, and they were indisposed to acquiesce in the selection of sovereigns for their Protestantism alone.

The beginning of the century saw England, under William III., at the head of the Protestant party throughout Europe, in contest with Louis XIV. and the Catholic Powers. France supported James and his house. English Catholics were in a terrible dilemma, from which this generation cannot be too grateful to have escaped. Popular traditions, which are still strong, and must at that time have been intensely powerful, placed Catholics upon the anti-national side. People remembered Elizabeth sentenced to excommunication and deposition by Rome, the attempt of Spain to execute the sentence by force, the plots against James I., the design of Charles I. and his Queen to grasp absolute power, the ensuing Civil War, the inglorious reliance of Charles II. upon French money and support, the losses and disgrace of the Dutch wars, the prosecution of the seven bishops, and the other blunders of James II., the fidelity

of the Irish to the Stuarts—in these momentous questions the sympathy of English Catholics was rightly or wrongly assumed to be against the people of England. Then in '15 and '45 came the failure and punishment of the Jacobite risings. Catholics learnt submission from the logic of defeat. Moreover, the character of Charles Edward showed the vanity of further sacrifices. "What has your family done, sir," exclaimed McNamara to the besotted prince, "thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" His friends abandoned the hopeless cause of one who preferred a treacherous mistress to the crown of their kingdom, and his brother, a quiet ecclesiastic, put forth no claims; but still it cannot be supposed that Catholics, though quiescent, gave much loyal love to the Protestant government which conquered and persecuted them. Doubtless they had the feelings of men; and the attitude of those who wished to lead quiet lives and save the residue of their estates is well described in the protestation of Mr. Henry Englefield: "I do declare that I am, by the grace of God, an English Catholic, and as such believe that it is my duty to be actively obedient, where I can without offence to God, and passively where I cannot, to whatever government God permits to come over me, and that non-resistance in all cases is one of the characteristic marks of a Christian; and that, therefore, I would willingly take an oath of fidelity to King George." Happily the improved temper of the times enables Catholics of to-day to protest in heartier terms than Mr. Englefield could employ in the last century without exceeding the bounds of truth. Catholics can now declare that they yield to no class of the Queen's subjects in admiration of Her Majesty's high character, her domestic and political virtues, and her constitutional conduct as head of the State during a long reign of forty-nine years. They would repudiate and denounce all designs by plot or force against the throne, and would defend it against all enemies

of whatever country or creed. Some of us at the same time may deplore that the Queen does not enjoy the same religious freedom as her subjects, while recognizing that she reigns over us by virtue of compact and parliamentary title rather than by strict right of hereditary succession.

Father Amherst, on this particular question, seems to be somewhat weak in his history. He appears to believe that upon the extinction of the family of James II., the throne passed by right of descent to George III., who already occupied it in fact. "As soon," he writes, "as the title of the House of Brunswick became undoubtedly a title *de jure* as well as *de facto*, the English Catholics, following the dictates of that religion which is said to make them disloyal subjects, one and all transferred their hearts and their hands to the present reigning house." Later on he repeats: "Catholics cannot be accused of disloyalty on account of their loyalty to the House of Stuart, so long as the title of the House of Hanover was only a title *de facto*." But by what *jus* was it that, upon the failure of James II.'s family, the numerous descendants of Charles I. were passed over, and recourse had to descendants of James I. in the female line? Surely it was a right given by the Act of Settlement, and based upon profession of the Protestant religion. Father Amherst's ardent faith and chivalrous feeling are here in antagonism with his loyalty and his law. He holds George III. and his eldest son to be sovereigns *de facto* and *de jure*, though he believes the Prince Regent to have been lawfully united to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Catholic, by a marriage which, under the Act of Settlement, would work a forfeiture of his succession to the throne. Father Amherst is very sure of this marriage. "When George IV. died, in 1830," he says, "a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert was found tied round his neck. This lasting attachment to a virtuous wife has often been cited as one, if not the only one, redeeming quality in the character of the king." Later on he describes

George IV. as "a man who had broken his marriage vows, and repudiated, for political reasons, the wife whom he loved as much as he was capable of love; the man who had been guilty of bigamy; who, for the mere selfish motive of having his debts paid by the nation, had authorized his friend to deny in the House of Commons his lawful marriage; and who then told his true and virtuous wife that he had not authorized his friend to do so. The sentiments of Catholics towards George IV. as king were those of loyal subjects, but for his character as a man they entertained no other feelings than those of contempt and disgust." The circumstances attending George IV.'s death may be read at length in the Greville Memoirs. Whether the clandestine marriage of the heir to a mighty throne with a subject, and against the statute law, would be upheld by the ecclesiastical courts as a lawful marriage must seem doubtful to an ordinary layman. Mrs. Fitzherbert's religion is beyond doubt. By marrying a Catholic, as Father Amherst asserts that he did, the Prince *de jure* lost the crown. What, then, is to be said of loyalty towards him and towards Princess Charlotte, the offspring of his subsequent bigamous marriage? Is not the conclusion this: that English Catholics of to-day are quiet citizens opposed to social disorder and political convulsion, and prepared, with Mr. Englefield, to render obedience to whatever Government God permits to come over them, satisfied with the *factum*, and not too nice about the *jus*?

This explanation of Father Amherst's favourite virtue of loyalty is not exalted, nor did his favourite hero, Dr. Milner, afford any striking exhibition of it. Rather he took his own individual way with a sturdy determination akin to turbulence, setting small store by the views of the tried friends of emancipation—Fox and Grey and Canning and Grattan—and opposing the Catholic clergy and laity, the other vicars apostolic, the Secretary and Prefect of Propaganda, and the Holy Father himself. In other cases Father Amherst is quick to discern

the impropriety and danger of any one person acting alone in Catholic affairs. In his opening pages he speaks of "the large-hearted Wiseman, whose abiding thought was not, How can I alone, discharging every one else, conduct English Catholic affairs!" Further on, "All that is done to obtain what we want, should be done by a body of men, clergy and laity, well-known to represent the Catholics of England. No one person, no two or three unauthorized and unknown persons, should undertake to settle a matter which can only be settled well when it is conducted as Englishmen are accustomed to conduct their affairs." Yet again, "I would say to our Catholic young men: Whenever you discover that any man, no matter who he may be, priest or layman, whether his domicile may be in the United Kingdom or in Rome, is working in secret and alone in some matter that affects the interests of the Catholic Church, you may be pretty sure that mischief will follow, which it is your interest, if possible, to avert. If any one should manifest a desire to manage alone the affairs of the English Catholics in both departments, ecclesiastical and lay, it would be pretty evident to all that such was the case, and those who are in a position to do so could act accordingly." Mischief indeed did follow Milner's autocratic proceedings, but not in our author's opinion. He was above general rules, and is described as a "young man with a mitre on his head boldly withstanding a double foe, enemies within and enemies without the fold, a doughty champion of the Church, laying down the terms of emancipation, and, in face of statesmen who claimed a *veto* on the election of bishops, making it impossible to pass any act of relief which had his *veto* upon it." Such was the mischief Milner wrought. His interference postponed emancipation from 1813, when it might have been carried by its true and liberal friends, who would have put its principles into active operation, to be passed at length in 1829, after sixteen years more of Catholic wrong and slavery, merely as a less evil than

civil war in the judgment of statesmen who detested the measure they were forced to adopt, and naturally allowed its provisions to remain a dead letter. There was further mischief still; for had an arrangement been come to whereby ecclesiastics proposed for bishoprics would have obtained the assent of the British Government before appointment by the Holy See, it is inconceivable that the misunderstanding of 1850 could ever have happened, and the hubbub and disasters of the "Papal aggression" would have been spared. To Dr. Milner's pugnacity is due the Ecclesiastical Titles Act with the national disgrace attending it. Father Amherst, however, thinks that "God stopped" the Bill of 1813.

Upon the *veto* question Father Amherst assumes that Dr. Milner was right and all others wrong. The difference between Dr. Milner and the English Catholics upon the point seems to have originated in this, that he was not only an English Vicar Apostolic but also the agent of the Irish Bishops. In quiet times the two positions might not perhaps be incompatible; but when questions arose respecting Catholic relations towards the Government it was inevitable that the sentiment of Irish nationality would burst into flame, and the agent of the Irish Bishops must feel and act like an Irishman. To the Irish people a proposal to give to the British Government any influence whatever in the appointment of their Bishops would seem intolerable. Such influence would surely be used for the promotion of British interests, if not for the appointment of Englishmen. In England it was different. In 1813 the country was in the throes of a desperate struggle with France, and a Minister might wish to ascertain that a bishop-designate was free from foreign predilections. There his concern would end. Among "loyal" Englishmen he could have no preference. The proposals of the Catholic Board for working the *veto* were doubtless novel and clumsy, but Rome would have arranged more suitable machinery. The Holy See, knowing

little or nothing of committees, would be familiar with a Secretary of State and would have no desire to thwart the reasonable views of the British Government. In the case of Dr. McHale indeed, late Archbishop of Tuam, the Pope is said to have disregarded the wishes of the Minister, but this unique departure from established comity is understood to have proved in the result extremely distasteful to Rome itself. At any rate Cardinal Litta and Pius VII. did not agree with Dr. Milner about the *veto*. "His Holiness will feel no hesitation in allowing those to whom it appertains to present to the King's Ministers a list of candidates, in order that if any of them should be obnoxious or suspected, the Government may immediately point him out so that he may be expunged, care, however, being taken to leave a sufficient number for his Holiness to choose therefrom individuals whom he may deem best qualified in the Lord for governing the vacant churches." Such is the wise prudence of the Holy See, in perfect accord with the grand principles lately enunciated by Leo XIII. in the "Immortale Dei:" "There are times when another method of concord is available for peace and liberty, when rulers and the Roman Pontiff come to an understanding on some particular matter. At such times the Church gives singular proof of her natural love by the utmost kindness and indulgence. For that is to be regarded as a perpetual law which Ivo of Chartres wrote to Pope Paschal II.: When the State and the clergy are agreed the world is well ruled and the Church flourishes and bears fruit. But when they are at variance, not only do not small things increase, but even great things fall into miserable decay." Wherein *parvae res* may represent Catholic England and *magnae res* Catholic Ireland.

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES.

To this article we have prefixed a portrait of Pope Pius VII., who, in his friendly disposition towards England, was ready to adjust the terms of Catholic Emancipation.

Off the Coast of Clare.

A GOLDEN bright morning early in March—the sunshine warming the “very cockles of one’s heart,” whatever those mysterious anatomical adjuncts may be. Sea, sky, air, everything is blue and crystallinely clear. Not to do something exceptional on such an exceptional day would be positively flying in the face of Providence, who rarely sends us such days straight from Paradise.

The question was, What could we do sufficiently exceptional to honour the day? We had already walked along the cliffs in every direction. I had tasted the thrilling delights of being cut off by the tide, and being saved from a watery grave by an old fisherwoman, who, knowing her paths, tucked up her one scanty skirt, waded across the rushing tide, and carried me into safety. In fact, there was only one thing left to do, which could in any way come up to the requirements of such weather, and that was the Caves. Therefore, though it is only in summer time that they are visited as a rule, we decided for the Caves.

It did not take long to get a canoe ready, the only preparation being to release one from its bed of stones on land, where it lay upside down, and to throw it right side up on the water. These canoes—or coracles, as they are called higher up the coast—are very long, and so narrow that there is only just room for one person on each seat. They are made of tarred canvas stretched on a framework of narrow wooden laths, and the prow takes an upward curve as high as the stern of a gondola. This raised prow is the great safety of these cockle-shells when out in the huge Atlantic rollers, which come across from America without a break. No matter in what direction the fishermen wish to go, the one absolute necessity of their navigation is to

keep the prow head on to the rollers. If, therefore, they are coming home in rough weather their mode of progression is peculiar. They face each roller, but as soon as they have ridden over it, the light canoe is spun round with one stroke of the oar, and the fishermen row landwards for their very lives. As soon as the next great roller arrives, round they wheel to face it, and when it is past, away they go again. If once the wave were to catch the low light craft behind, the canoe would be utterly swamped, and a few more corpses pass into the insatiate locker of Davy Jones.

Small and narrow as the canoe is, I was soon most comfortably ensconced in a nest of furs in the seatless stern. The sides were so low that they in no way impeded my seeing in any direction, and I felt as if I were sitting in a remarkably comfortable and buoyant arm-chair. The two boatmen (the chief one was the image of the Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland") jumped in, and off we went, floating over a sea as blue as the great Reckitt's advertisements, than which a bluer thing existeth not! The sky was only a shade less blue, and the air had that curious crystalline clearness which I have never seen anywhere else except in Egypt. It seemed to sparkle in the sunlight, as if diamond dust had taken the place of ordinary motes. Down the bay we go, past the Edmond rocks, so called on account of the passenger ship *Edmond* which was blown in there, thirty years ago, in a gale so terrific that, although the rocks form part of the wall on which a row of houses is built, the ship and a hundred lives were lost without any possibility of saving them. To look at these rocks now in the sunshine, with the sea just surging up softly against them, the story seemed almost incredible; they reminded one more of the fisherman's hut in Theocritus:

Against it softly floateth up the sea.

Out we go, past the Dugganah rocks, where the glories of the mermaid's sea gardens had lured me to my peril; past the

Safe Rocks, as the Hatter calls a group at the very entrance to the bay, because just beyond them, however near you go, you will find water many fathoms deep; past George's Head, whose name we will hope was not suggested by any idea of likeness between its grotesque profile and that of "the First Gentleman in Europe;" and so out to the glorious open sea, dancing and leaping in the sunshine and breeze, and throwing its white arms of foam exultingly aloft against the frowning cliffs and headlands of black basalt. Surely, on a fine, breezy day, the sea is the most joyous and the most actively *feminine* thing in all nature! This Clare coast has made a stern fight for centuries against her, but it has been a losing battle for long, and she is slowly but surely getting the best of it. Headlands may take their iron stand against her wiles and her attacks, and hold their ground; but the enemy creeps round, attacks them in flank and rear, and before they are aware they are cut off from the mainland—a prey to her volleys all round.

Once out in the open, free from all rocks, sunken or bare, the canoe turns south, and makes her way along the coast-line, more or less sideways, owing to the necessity of keeping her head up to the rollers. The tide is coming in, however, and the current sets up the coast, so we have not to proceed in quite the crab-like way imperative at another time. As with many other places, where the element of the awful in nature preponderates, the greater part of the landmarks here are distinguished by the memory of some tragedy. We pass a curious amphitheatre hollowed out of the cliff by sea and wind. One day a girl was reading there, enjoying the shelter, when a wave came rolling in and swept the ledge where she was sitting. She was never seen again. A little further on, the Hatter calls our attention to another part of the black cliff, where it drops sheer into the water. There, years ago, on a fine summer's evening, a young girl was walking on the downs with her father and some friends, watching the sunset,

when she suddenly left them, and hurled herself over the cliff at that spot. It is marked up above on the downs by a cross cut in the short sea-turf, the only monument of her last resting-place. Poor soul!

While we are still thinking sadly over this narration, we pass the Puffing Hole, a large round basin in the rock, which communicates with the sea below. Here the Hatter is again to the fore with another grisly tale. A gentleman and lady were once sitting on a boulder by the Puffing Hole, from whence the rock shelves down to the sea. They were shortly to be married, and were probably comparing the golden pathway to the setting sun with their own pathway to the "blessed isles" of matrimony. But the sea was merciful; and sooner than let them set foot upon that stormy path, she sent a wave up that smooth rock, and took the lovers to the only true rest—in her bosom.

We round the Puffing Hole Rock, and enter Intrinsic Bay, under one of the highest headlands of this part of the coast—Lookout Hill. The irrepressible Hatter again lifts up his tale of woe, and gives the origin of the name of the bay. The gallant ship *Intrinsic* went down here with all hands on board. The sea and the iron rocks know their work, and not a soul escaped. One can well imagine how impossible escape must have been to men walled in by the huge island-rock called Slate Rock on one side, the slippery shelve of the Puffing Hole on the other, and the Atlantic in its mad fury grinding them to death against the precipitous cliff of Lookout Hill—a cliff 400 feet high: what chance had anything mortal of surviving? The cliffs are so high here that they seem to shut out both sun and air; and perhaps it is a half-unconscious memory of the fate of the *Intrinsic* that makes us hold our breath somewhat, as we see that the Hatter means to run us through the exceedingly narrow passage between Slate Rock and the mainland. We get to the entrance and wait for a big wave,

which lifts us up and carries us half through the narrow gap. But we cannot go the whole way with it without waiting for another. It does not keep us long, and while we are mutely admiring the manner in which the Hatter keeps the frail canoe from nearing the rocks, we are again lifted high up in the arms of the sea and swept through the remaining distance, with a rush and a roar that die away as we pass across another bay, full of sunshine, into the shadow of the cliffs again.

Our eyes are so full of the sunshine that at first we fail to see the opening of the first cave. There is a break in the cliffs above, and a bar of golden light shoots down across the yawning cavern. But as the canoe glides on into deeper shadow our eyes get accustomed to the change, and grow round with sudden awe. Once under the shadow of the portal of the cave one realizes the enormous size and magnificence of this piece of Nature's architecture. Over our heads stretches up aloft one huge slab of rock, polished, black, almost without seam or scar—fit lintel for such a hall as we are approaching. Before the entrance rises a solitary rock, rose-coloured at the base, with a heavy fringe of golden sea-weeds rising and falling to the rhythmic song of the waves as they sweep past into the cave, and go echoing down its length. On the breast of one of these waves we too enter, and as soon as we have done so, the canoe is spun sharply round to face the incoming rollers.

Who can do justice to the glories of that cave? In colour, vastness, and sound, it stands alone in my memory. Fingal's Cave at Staffa is grand, and curious also, owing to the columnar formation of the basalt: thousands of tourists annually dilate on its beauties. Here, in this comparatively unknown Irish cave, there were no columns, truncated or otherwise; but to my mind Fingal should droop a diminished head before his cousin of the Atlantic. The difference between the two is as

great as if one compared Roslin Chapel to the Great Hall at Karnak or at Aboo Simbel. I have never seen anything to equal the brilliancy of colouring in this Clare Cave. The sides, rising precipitously from the sea, were of the most brilliant rose colours at the base, where they were washed by the intense blue-green of the water. Like the guardian rock at the entrance, the watcher of the threshold, these sides also were fringed with broad palmated sea-weeds of every shade between gold and brown. As the rocks rose higher, they became first pale grey, then darker, then black, until they met the arches of the roof, where the most wonderful series of prismatic hues made the crowning glory. Rose, purple, lilac, pale green, lemon-yellow, blue, glowed in harmony amongst the corbels of that roof of rock ; while here and there on the walls would gleam vivid splashes of vermilion and orange, where some stream of water impregnated with iron came trickling through from the upper earth. The very air seemed full of the colours of the prism ; and when to such sights were added the huge waves of the Atlantic, sweeping down the two hundred feet of length of this great hall, to dash themselves into foam and music out of sight, it was no wonder that we should sit spell-bound, unable to utter a syllable.

We could not venture to traverse more than a quarter of the length of the cave, if so much ; for the rollers are not to be trifled with at any time of year, and at so early a period to visit the caves at all was rather dangerous. The second cave, which is farther on, beyond the Bird Rock and opposite Bishop's Island, is also well worth seeing, but nothing in comparison to the first, for it has neither the prismatic colours nor the glorious dimensions of the other. We did not, therefore, remain there long, but, skirting past Bishop's Island, made again for the open sea. We looked with envious admiration at the place where the men have to climb up who place sheep on Bishop's Island for the summer grazing. A rock jutting out

here and there, and an occasional sod of grass, are the only foot-holds; but up they go, and from the top haul up the sheep by ropes from the boats below. One curious fact about the sheep fattened on Bishop's Island is, that when they are muttonized the fat is as yellow as gold. They can be recognized at the butchers' shops by this peculiarity, which is in no way a drawback, for the mutton fed on the island is excellent. On Bishop's Island there are ruins of buildings which have been pronounced by wise men to be the remains of a church and a bishop's house of the third century, when the present island formed part of the mainland. This reminds me of an incident which occurred in Arran some years ago, on the occasion of the visit of a party of archæologists to examine the ruins on those islands. One small building in particular came in for especial notice, for opinions were by no means unanimous as to its probable date. One, who had examined the stones, pronounced them to be of the third century; another, ignoring the peculiarity of the stones, declared that it was impossible the building could have been constructed before the fifth. Savants are apt to be short-tempered over their pet hobbies and the dispute threatened to take a serious turn, when an old countryman, who had stood by listening, interposed: "Shure yer honours needn't make such a palaverin' over that shebeen, for to my knowledge it was built just two years age by Tim Doolan for his ass!" The shanties on Bishop's Island look as if "Tim Doolan" had been making the same use of the old stones there as he did in Arran; but *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

We make out to sea, so that we may be able to take in the whole coast-line from Loop Head, at the mouth of the Shannon, to Hag's Head, the great promontory just south of the cliffs of Mogher. Tradition says that a great witch of ancient days was thrown into the sea by her enemies and victims at Loop Head, and that she swam all the way to Hag's Head, where

she landed. It was indeed a goodly swim; but there are limits even to the powers of evil, and the witch got ashore only to be buried at the landing-place.

So, with one last look away to the south along that wondrous range of iron headlands, we turn the canoe homewards; and, as she dances over the great rollers like a sea-bird, I nestle back into my furs in the warm sunshine, and whisper to the sea breeze as it kisses my cheeks and runs riot in my hair; "Life *is* worth living after all—when the sun shines on the coast of Clare."

GERTRUDE CAMPBELL.

Shakspeare Societies.

NOW Shakspeare students through the land debate,
Of quarto and of folio, and the date
Of late and early plays ; some lay great stress
On double endings, others gravely guess
The genuine reading of each smutty joke
That Shakspeare's jesters at each other poke.
Shakspeare be praised ! but thou, my soul, beware
Lest One, than Shakspeare greater far, compare
Such eager trifling with the dull assent
Thou to His words of life and light has lent.

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

A Village Genius.

CHAPTER VI.

DUFRESNY was punctual the next day, and at the appointed hour he found Angèle waiting for him on the steps in front of the house. The château was empty by this time. Madame de Récy had gone with the General to inspect a site on the top of a hill, where she had set her heart upon building a rustic habitation for herself some day. The other guests had sped various ways; Angèle had refused their entreaties to reign as usual over their afternoon amusements. She had been mysterious but decided in the excuses she made; Mademoiselle de Lustre alone had remained behind to escort her niece; it would have been against all her traditions of *convenance* to have allowed her to go alone with her betrothed.

"See," said Angèle to Dufresny, when he joined her, stretching out her hand, in which lay a dainty silk bag, "here are the three hundred francs. I have made a purse for them. Père Coïc shall have them in exchange for my portrait. I shall carry it off to-day. I shall never be in want of something to laugh at, when I have it hanging up."

Dufresny looked at the purse, and held the tender little outstretched hand in his. He did not answer, but it seemed to her that he was going to speak. He dropped the hand, however, without breaking silence.

They set off together, Mademoiselle de Lustre keeping near Angèle, or lagging a little way behind her. The good lady was rejoicing that matters looked more promising between the lovers; and she kept up a high-pitched monologue of remarks upon the weather, the aspect of the country, and other various

topics. It must be admitted that if the kind soul was somewhat vapid, and did not contribute greatly to the general amusement of society, she seldom expected any one to reply to her running comments, and was quite content to talk out a theme to herself until she had exhausted the subject.

They took the road to the village, through the crimsoning aisles of the wood, in which departing summer was lighting its funeral pyres.

Angèle was very gay ; she agitated herself, as she walked by the side of her betrothed, like a bird fluttering from bough to bough. She was happy ; still she was never quite at her ease with Monsieur Dufresny. There was a touch of awe in the feeling with which she regarded him ; but it was the unreflective awe of a child ; she gave herself no account of it. She did not understand him, but she knew she had the power to charm and to amuse him ; and this gave an element of excitement to their relationship.

Now, as she went on, she plucked the heather, and made bouquets of it, ornamenting her white merino dress and her hat with pink flowers and garlands of wild ivy. And she babble d gaily of Père Coïc. She wished him to take her father's portrait, in his warrior's accoutrements ; the buttons, the gold lace, and *panache* would give a magnificent scope to his genius.

Mademoiselle de Lustre, behind, catching the word uniform, now held forth on the various uniforms she admired ; Monsieur Dufresny walked on, paying apparently little heed to the talk of his companions. An interruption presently came to it. As they neared the village a girl of twelve passed them ; she carried a child, whose head was buried on her shoulder fast asleep ; a basket was slung on her arm, full of carrots and vegetables. She was barefooted, and trudged somewhat laboriously along, an expression of fatigue slightly ruffling her brow.

"A picture!" said Angèle, putting her hand under the little maid's chin, and smiling up at Monsieur Dufresny. Then, taking out her purse, she dropped a five-franc piece amongst the vegetables. "There, *ma mignonne*," she said, "buy yourself something pretty from me." As the delighted child went on her way—"I should take her to the shoemaker," she added, "and cover her poor red feet with a pair of boots, but that would spoil all the artistic effect."

"That is barbarous," said Dufresny, smiling; "only to look at the barefooted child from a picturesque point of view."

"But is that not always the way you look at the poor—how to make use of them in your pictures?"

"I trust not," he answered slowly, and paused. "But you—how do you look at them?"

"How?" she replied, stopping; then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "In a more orthodox fashion, giving them alms, and thereby winning my salvation."

"That is right," took up Mademoiselle de Lustre from behind. "There is no surer way of winning our salvation than by being charitable. Monsieur le Curé preached a very good sermon some weeks ago on this."

"I understand," said Monsieur Dufresny, "the poor are put upon earth to act as stepping-stones to fame for some—and to Heaven for others. In the scheme of creation, they are part of the economy instituted solely for the rich."

"Oh!" said Angèle uneasily, detecting a sarcasm, "admit at any rate that we give them the *beau rôle*. Then it is but a fair exchange, they want money, we want opportunities to do good. We give it to each other."

"This is the mistake you make, Angèle," he answered, as if weighing his words, "that money can buy everything."

"I detect the clatter of the hoofs of your hobby-horse in the distance—you are mounting it—Père Coïc, again," she said gaily.

"Yes, Père Coïc," he answered. "I want to talk to you about him."

"Let me tell you I am getting tired of the subject," she answered.

"I must speak about it all the same," he repeated.

"Well, I listen," she said, crossing her arms in front of her. "Only, I protest I see no harm in what I did. Where was the wrong? He wanted a job. I gave him one."

"This is an illusion," Dufresny replied hastily. "You know, Angèle, you did not give it for a job. Come now, confess it. There was not the motive of charity actuating you. It was the pleasure of seeing the fly wriggling, with the pin through its body." He restrained himself, and resumed more gently, "It was thoughtless, and I want to lead you to think—to impress you, as I myself am impressed."

"Oh!" she interrupted petulantly, you ascribe sensitiveness to people who do not possess it. You romance; you are an artist."

"No, you are wrong," he burst out with ill-concealed emotion. "You will not see it; you are like a child, with a child's ignorance of life and its suffering. I have seen him constantly since, and know it gave him mortal pain. His simple belief in himself was lost from that day. He was too roughly awakened. His spirit broke."

Angèle listened impatiently, smiting the trunks of the trees with her sunshade. "If you would only drop the subject," she said, with brief accentuation. "The tedious subject. I wish with all my heart I had never seen your Père Coïc. Since that unlucky day you have been nothing but a walking reproach."

"I think," he said, "that one day you will admit it was a well-deserved reproach. She did not answer, and he went on: "Perhaps you did not know the circumstances of his life. You were not aware he had a mother to support. He was ill and

suffering also, and, if he was conceited, this pride in his work had a beauty in it—a beauty that might bring tears to some eyes.”

As they spoke, they reached the church that stood at the entrance of the village.

“I want to go into the churchyard for a few moments,” Dufresny said, stopping. “Will you come with me?”

Angèle hesitated. She looked flushed and vexed; there was a pout on her pretty lips.

Mademoiselle de Lustre protested loudly. She would not go. Churchyards depressed her. The grass was wet; Angèle’s dress would be completely spoilt. There had been a knell sounding all the morning; some one had died; perhaps the funeral was going on now.

“I shall keep you only a few moments,” said Dufresny, addressing Angèle.

“Very well, I will go, if you like,” she muttered. “It seems to me a strange fancy. Are you going to make a picture?”

Mademoiselle de Lustre remained obstinate. She tried to dissuade Dufresny from his purpose; but after a while she consented that Angèle should accompany him, only she must not remain many minutes. Meanwhile she would wait for them under the church porch.

Angèle followed Dufresny in silence. He walked on without saying a word. They made their way through the modest tombs. The ample sunlight lay like a hand extended in blessing over the few stone slabs and the crowd of black crosses with the white painted epitaphs and the representation of tears upon them. Here and there were plots of garden flowers, and everywhere the wild flowers crested the grassy billows, at the heads of which the crosses stood. Angèle, in her fantastically-wreathed hat and dress, picking her steps among the tombs, looked out of place. Yet there was nothing

dismal in the little enclosure ; there was even a sort of charm in the infinite serenity around.

They had not proceeded far, when Angèle paused and called to Dufresny to stop ; but he did not heed her. They were making their way towards an open grave, towards which also, on the other side, a funeral procession was advancing. She saw the crucifix, borne aloft, with the sunlight upon it ; the *enfants de chœur*, carrying the holy water ; the coffin, covered with a shabby pall, carried by four men. Behind came the mourners, headed by a peasant woman, her black bodice cut square, her face rigid with grief, shaded by a large flapped cap ; two younger women walked on either side of her. There were several village folk who, when they reached the tomb, disposed themselves on its borders. Angèle had never assisted at a burial service. A little trembling seized her ; she crossed herself hurriedly.

"Come away," she said, touching Dufresny's arm.

"Will you not stay a minute or two ? I should like to stay, for I knew him."

"Who was it ?" she asked, nervously gathering herself up in her dress, as the scrape of the lowered coffin against the side of the grave was heard, and the chaunting began.

"It was Père Coïc."

She did not answer. He did not dare to look round ; but he felt her standing silently and solemnly by his side. Presently he heard a little gasp ; he turned, and saw the tears streaming down her face.

"Let us go," he said, taking her hand to draw her away.

"No," she replied ; "I should like to stay to the end."

They remained until the ceremony was over and the mourners dispersed ; then Angèle turned away. She had dried her tears, and she walked off with her rapid step and resolute bearing.

"Why did you bring me here ?" she said, without looking

round. "You know churchyards have always a miserable effect upon me. Once, when I was a child, I dreamt I was lost in one. Was it not horrible? All those black crosses and slabs, you know, on every side."

He saw that she shivered. "I am afraid you feel cold," he said, gently drawing her cloak about her.

"It is always cold in churchyards. I think the sunshine, out of compliment to the place, strips itself of its warmth when it falls upon one. Aunt must be wondering what has become of us; only" (laughing nervously) "she never wonders when she is knitting. She counts her stitches; she makes no count of the minutes." Angèle interrupted herself suddenly, and remained blankly staring before her. "I wish the sun did not shine over graves," she resumed querrulously. Then, before he could put in a word, she rattled on: "Now, I like the catacombs much better; those dark galleries low down under ground, and the living people losing their way in them. That is just what a city of the dead should be; no place for the living in it. There is such a difference between the living and the dead." She shuddered, and gazed with that strange fixity before her. Suddenly she turned and looked at Dufresny. "What did he die of?" she asked brusquely.

"Père Coïc? He died of congestion of the lungs."

"How long was he ill?"

"He fell ill about a month ago, I think."

A pause, during which she walked on with an automatic step; then, fixing upon him her eyes, in which was a painful expression, she said abruptly: "Then it is true; after all, you were right. We did help to kill him that day."

He was frightened at her pallor and at the alteration of her features. "No; you are exaggerating. His chest was always delicate."

"That has nothing to do with it," she said. "We helped to

kill him. You know it. You would not have brought me here if it had not been so."

He noticed that her step was unsteady. Putting his arm about her, he supported her to a bench, upon which she sank.

"My dear," he said, holding her two hands in his, "I ought to have told you before taking you here. You are exaggerating. He was ill before ; his constitution was weak. He died the day before yesterday, painlessly, even cheerily."

"The day before yesterday!" she repeated mechanically. "I remember so well the day he came. I noticed his hand trembled as he stood in the doorway. I thought he was timid." She shut her eyes. "I wish I could forget him. He was so gentle. He trusted us. I remember his piteous look when he began to doubt us. I think he clung to his faith in me ; he turned to me for protection. I remember he would look at me, as if in appeal, when the others mocked him ; yet I joined in the mockery." Here she broke off with a sob.

"My poor child," said Dufresny. "I am to blame. I should not have brought you here. He would have died anyhow."

She shook her head, with a sad gesture of denial.

"Kind Eugène," she said, loosening one hand from his clasp, and caressing his. "You are trying to comfort me. But you see, it is not his death only, it is the thought of the insults, of the outrage we heaped upon him. It is that, it is that. You were right when you said it was a mortal wound we gave him. Ah ! to think, to think, that I shall have to remember it all my life, this scene of jeering at an unoffending, hard-working, honourable man ; that I shall always see his poor infirm figure, and his trembling hand extended. It will be like always feeling denounced before God. And what was it all done for ?" she went on, interlacing her fingers convulsively. "Good heavens ! for what ? For a little amusement."

She swayed herself backwards and forwards. Dufresny took

her hands and kissed them. "It was a freak, my darling, the madcap results of high spirits; others took the lead, you only followed."

"No," she replied, "it was deliberate, it was done in cold blood. We kept it up for three days. I was the willing instrument; I who was the hostess and should have shielded him from insult. Ah! how strange it is, how strange, when a sin is brought home to one; and now I must always carry it about in my heart. I used to laugh, I used to amuse myself, but I do not think I ever hurt anyone before; but now——"

Dufresny rose and began pacing up and down, bewildered by the effect of the shock of bringing this thoughtless nature before reality. "It is no use Angèle," he said at last, "lamenting and exaggerating. We can never take a word out of the book of life and obliterate it, but we can make the book contain a tenderer story for it."

"But how?" she cried, bursting into sobs. "How? I am powerless. It is this. I can repair nothing; I cannot even give him the money I owe him; to earn which he came out facing the bad weather in his weak health."

"He has left a mother unprovided for," said Dufresny, gently.

"Ah! unprovided for," she repeated, her tears stopping a little.

"A mother and two sisters."

"You think I could help them," she said, looking up to him like a frightened child, wishing to be reassured. "If they will only let me, I might; it seems possible." She put her hand up to her brow. "My head is so confused, I can think of nothing distinctly. Yet it seems as if I might." Her eyes had brightened, and a timid hope had stolen over her face. She began twisting up the heavy plaits of hair that had fallen from their fastening. Dufresny waited till she grew calmer; then they went out and rejoined Mademoiselle de Lustre.

That worthy lady was still sitting under the porch knitting. The village people, as they came out, had told her of Père Coïc's death. She was beginning her lamentations and the recital of her fears at Angèle's delay in the churchyard, but Dufresny drew her thoughts away. He devoted himself to her and engaged her attention in the near and dear discussion of the guests at the château. Angèle walked silently by his side. She was very quiet. As they neared the house they met the returning groups of visitors. Madame de Récy was in high spirits. She described the site she had chosen for her future habitation. One fitted for a fairy palace, she said. It seemed suspended in the air. Woods grew under it. She must always have a house full of people, when she lived in it, or she would die of fright. It was just the place for brigands to prowl about in. It was enchanting. She would begin the building next week. There was scarce any time left to question Angèle as to the manner in which she had spent her afternoon. When the interrogatories began the young lady hurried her guests in. "It was time for dinner. They were late. The cook would be furious."

At dinner Dufresny noticed that Angèle ate nothing, but she entered with feverish volubility into Madame de Récy's plans for her new house. There must be a tower, a drawbridge, a ghost. The necessity of a ghost was carried by acclamation. In the midst of her talk Angèle would interrupt herself, and remain gazing straight before her; then suddenly she would rush back into the talk, and break into peals of laughter. It seemed to Dufresny that she wished to avoid him, yet once or twice he caught her gaze riveted upon him, with a frightened and piteous expression.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was the day after the funeral. Mère Coïc and her daughters had been hard at work ever since their return from the cemetery. There was going to be a sale in the cottage. Père Coïc's pictures were to be put up for auction, and some of the furniture, too luxurious now to be kept. It was practical, and a matter of house-wifely pride, that every item disposed of should be presented to the Jouy public to the best advantage. The demoiselles Coïc mingled their tears liberally with the dust they swept, but the mother went about, broom in hand, grim, strong-featured; all her years greyly stamped upon her face. She swept and scrubbed unceasingly, but every now and then she would pause in her work, sit down upright, looking into vacancy.

In the afternoon she was sitting before the fire in the room downstairs, her chin in her palm, a parcel of unwashed brushes in her lap, when a gentle tapping came at the front door. It passed unnoticed by the old woman; her thoughts were too far off to pay heed to it, or, if she heard, the knocking translated itself into the remembrance of hammer strokes upon a coffin. When at last it asserted itself more distinctly Mère Coïc rose and, gathering the brushes up in her apron, went forward and opened the door. On the threshold stood a young girl, whose shrinking attitude and timid expression were in singular contrast to her appearance of blooming youth and health. A few yards off Mère Coïc saw a carriage drawn up.

She did not recognize her visitor, although she had a vague impression that the face was familiar to her. Perhaps she suspected meddling charity, perhaps grief made her repellant, but she stood silent in the doorway. The young girl did not speak either; she remained embarrassed, folding and unfolding her hands nervously. At last she said, "I was passing this way,

and I thought perhaps, perhaps you would let me in to see you."

"We are in sorrow here, Mademoiselle," replied Mère Coïc ;
"we do not want visitors."

As the young girl did not move away, she went on, in her unresonant voice, "If it be anything on business for my son it is too late ; it is no use. He is dead."

"I knew it, but it is on business all the same," said the girl eagerly, and in something of the relieved tone of one who at last found a way of beginning what she had to say. "I came because, you see, I owe him money. I am his debtor, three hundred francs. I ought to have paid them a month ago, but I was away. I had it on my mind all the time."

"Who are you, Mademoiselle?" said Mère Coïc. By this time her two daughters were standing behind her.

"I am Mademoiselle de Say, from the Château yonder," replied Angèle faintly, for the converging gaze of those three pairs of grieving eyes seemed to pass like the sting of a scorching lash across her heart. "Monsieur Coïc took my portrait ; it is for this—I owe him."

"I know," said Mère Coïc, suddenly bending her shaggy eyebrows. "The portrait did not give satisfaction. My son would not take your money. We shall not take it either."

Angèle saw the door closing upon her. The idea that she would not be allowed to make the act of reparation she had set out to make moved her strangely ; she felt like one starving and refused a crust. She put out a resisting hand, and said brusquely :

"I am *fiancée* to Monsieur Dufresny."

The closing door stopped at once.

"His *fiancée*?"

"Yes," she answered, timid and blushing, now that there was hesitation in her favour.

"Then come in, Mademoiselle," said the old woman, gently. "All those whom he loves—are loved here," and she led the way within.

They went into the room where the big clock was ticking in one corner, and the portraits were hanging on the wall. Angèle's eyes rested upon these at once—their laboured ugliness, their smooth, shining surface and brick-coloured flesh tints struck her with a sense of piteous individuality.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, they are beautiful pictures," said Mère Coïc, seeing her look at them. "And to think he found the way of doing them all by himself. No one ever showed him how. It came to him like from Heaven. Sit down, Mademoiselle, there by the fire."

Angèle sat down—the demoiselles Coïc hung about the room—and Mère Coïc continued in a mechanical voice, "Mademoiselle must forgive me what I said just now—when some one we love goes—the head gets muddled—it is like as if only our senseless body was walking about—one should say the Lord's will be done—but the thoughts go away from the words. You see—Mademoiselle"—she went on stretching out her hand and pointing—"it is always beholding him there so quiet and lonesome, that is the worst—he who was always so sociable before. Why, Miss, he was as light-hearted—like a child, when his brushes were in his hand—never minding the troubles. At first, before the neighbours saw how great a painter he was, I would trudge off miles to sell his pictures. I was proud of my burden. Those were the good times. But these last weeks—when"—she continued, with a dramatic gesture—"he was so changed. I could not say, 'The Lord's will be done.' It is often His will the old should bury the young, but this was not like His will."

"How long is it since he grew so down-hearted?" asked Angèle, breathlessly.

"Ever since the day, Mademoiselle, the rich people at the

château laughed at his painting. Do not move, Mademoiselle—but would you like this side of the fire?”

As Angèle quickly shook her head, she resumed: “He was never the same man after. That was the reason I was so uncivil-like, at first, to Mademoiselle. Though, when she said she was Monsieur Dufresny’s *fiancée*, I knew she was never one who had hurt the lad.”

There came a short pause; then the old woman went on in a lower voice. “And sometimes—I think—there was something he did not tell me—something on his mind—for now and then he would go wandering like to himself—he’d mutter. I heard the words, ‘If *she* had not mocked me—I would not have minded the others.’ I think somebody he trusted-like turned against him; and that broke his confidence.”

Angèle drew a long breath, and rose quickly from her chair.

“Perhaps I tire you, Mademoiselle,” said Mère Coïc, “with my talk—but it is a kind of comfort. It does me good to speak to you. You look as if you understood how the lad had suffered. You have a heart. You are worthy to be that good gentleman’s wife. When he entered”—Mère Coïc went on, paying no heed to Angèle, who had approached her, and on whose lips words seemed to be trembling—“his coming would change the day to my son. It was like the alms of the good God to him. And that gentleman knew how beautiful his pictures were. He would say, ‘That is good—that is fine.’ He would cheer him, so that the lad would take up his palette and try to do a bit of work with his poor hands that trembled.”

Here the demoiselles Coïc departed from the room with a plunge; and for a moment or two there was no other sound but the ticking of the clock in the corner.

“To say he was not a real artist!” resumed Mère Coïc in a voice gruff with the first trembling of tears in it. “Those rich people did not see him die. God forgive the lad! It was not

with a prayer he passed away. Do you see, miss, our garden there? The sun was shining on it—and there were the sunflowers. He had not spoken for a long time, and his eyes were shut. Suddenly he opens them—looks about—sits up—with the old smile he had when painting. ‘The beautiful sunflowers everywhere,’ he says. ‘They are all around me—in the boxes—I should like to paint them,’ and he stretches out his hand like for his brushes—then he drops back and dies.”

“We did not understand him,” said Angèle, moving about with a restless step. Then, kneeling, she took the old woman’s hand in hers. “Forgive us—if you knew—if you knew how thoughtlessly——” Her voice failed; her bosom heaved.

Mère Coïc’s withered hand trembled under the pressure of that gentle touch. “Yes, Mademoiselle, he had the soul of an artist——” then meeting Angèle’s eyes full of tears, a dry sob rent her throat; the austerity of her grief melted, and, laying her head down on the girl’s shoulder, she burst into tears.

Dufresny was coming up the garden-plot. He looked in at the window, before lifting the latch of the door, to let himself in. He saw Angèle, with a look on her face, as he had sometimes seen it in his dreams of her. She was kneeling by Mère Coïc’s side, clasping her bowed head.

He turned away without entering.

CONCLUSION.

SEPTEMBER had passed into October, but Angèle did not press her father to return to town. The General did not ask better than to stay where he was. He liked the quiet and comfort of the old château. He would have contentedly remained all the year through in it, looking after his horses and his dogs, leading the life of busy idleness that suited him, if his

daughter had allowed him. Every year, until this one, when the days began to shorten and her friends to leave, she agitated to get back to Paris, or she carried him off to Nice. This autumn, however, she wished to remain at Jouy. It was her last "young girl's caprice," she said.

In December she was to be married.

Dufresny was away on a sketching tour, and Mademoiselle de Lustre was in Paris.

One forenoon in November, Eugène returned. He had walked a long distance, and he arrived unexpectedly at the château.

He did not let the servant announce him, but walked direct up to the *salon*. He pushed the door so gently, that Angèle for a moment did not look up. He had a glimpse of her, sitting, her graceful head bent over a book, reading aloud to the General. Eugène fancied she looked graver than of yore; but the next minute she had caught sight of him, and all her face brightened with the child-like frank delight he knew. She rose, the General turned his head, and then there came the exchange of greetings.

"So, here you are still," said Eugène, as they sat at the eleven o'clock breakfast.

"Yes, it is the little one's wish," answered the General. "She has got it into her head to remain here; and, my faith, I am not sorry to obey her!"

Eugène looked at Angèle.

"Yes," she answered, nodding to him, "I wanted you to see, Monsieur, that I could remain a whole autumn in the country, a winter even—and I confess I am beginning to feel a charm in it."

"The child is full of mysteries. She is changed. She is saying good-bye to her follies," said the General, panting between the intervals of tugging at an obstinate cork.

"How is Mère Coïc? What has become of her?" asked Dufresny.

"She is sad," answered Angèle, in an altered voice. "They must leave the little cottage next week. They cannot make the two ends meet. Père Coïc's pictures did not fetch the price they expected ; and there were debts."

"Oh !" said Dufresny gravely. "What will they do ?"

"Mère Coïc expects to get occasional employment as nurse. Still, it is piteous. She must go about from house to house as a stranger ; when she was accustomed to a home of her own."

"And her daughters ? I suppose they will go into service."

"That is their intention, and that is the worst of all. They grieve at parting from each other."

"Yes," said the General out of breath, and triumphant at having wrested the cork out of the bottle, "the little one puzzles me. Imagine, Eugène, instead of a pearl necklace her old father wished to give her for a wedding present—fine pearls, round and even—she has coaxed the money it would have cost out of him. What for ? She will not tell. Old Rosalie is in the secret. They go out together. They return with the business expression of two *agents de change*. The child is swimming in mystery."

"And why should I not have a mystery ? It is my *caprice*," said Angèle, picking out a lump of sugar and putting it into her coffee.

"But still, pearls ! pearls ! Eugène," grumbled the General, "fine, round and even, that would have made her friends turn green with envy. For the little one to refuse them ! to ask for the money instead. It is incomprehensible. It goes beyond me."

"It is entirely mysterious," replied Dufresny.

"Perhaps," replied Angèle, looking at them over the rim of her cup. "I am turning miser. These pieces of yellow gold may have a fascination for me, to feel them, pile them up, gloat over them."

Eugène laughed. He was a little perplexed, yet he was happy. Angèle was changed, and still she was herself. Her look was not less bright, but it had gained depth, and her mouth seemed more mobile.

The General would not be put off so easily. It was incomprehensible to him that the "*petite*" should have a mystery.

"Well, you shall know it one of these days," said Angèle. "My mystery and I shall part company. For this I shall be sorry. It is amusing to have a secret."

In the afternoon they set off for a walk. They went gaily through the woods, with the autumn sunshine glinting through the yellow foliage, and turning to gold the shreds of mists that still hung among the branches, frosting with silver the dead leaves and bronzy ferns below.

After they had passed the church and entered the village, Angèle took the lead and entered into a side street. She walked with her light and rapid step in front of her companions. Pausing at a green door, distinguished from its fellows by having no garden before it, she took out a key, inserted it, turned it, and pushed the door open. It led at once into a room, where a wood fire burned; the room was empty—no servant appeared. "I sent Rosalie in front to prepare for our reception," said Angèle in explanation.

The fire-light played upon the wall, and showed it lined with drawers, ornamented with brass rings and names in black letters. A counter rose in front of it. Upon it were placed a pair of scales, and some wide glass bottles filled with dried herbs. On the wall hung pictures, the unmistakable works of Père Coïc.

"What is this? Where are we?" asked the General, looking around him.

"This is my pearl necklace," answered Angèle. "Come, you have not seen it all. This is the finest pearl, I admit; but there are others."

They followed her into a tiny kitchen, opening out into a garden, with fruit-trees planted in it ; then upstairs, into two bed-rooms, fragrantly clean. Angèle fluttered hither and thither, pulling the curtains, drawing the blinds, pushing the chairs, showing up everything to advantage, coming and going, full of zeal.

"Is it not pretty ? Do you not like my pearl necklace ?" she asked at intervals, with her bright smile.

"It is the prettiest necklace in the world ; a good fairy might wear it," said Eugène.

"But I don't understand," said the General.

"Does it not smell well ?" she asked, when they had returned to the shop, taking two glass bowls out, and making her father and lover sniff the aromatic herbs they contained. "Is it not like the perfume of the woods in autumn ?"

"Still I do not understand anything about it," remonstrated the General, with an aggrieved air. "I do not see an inch ahead of me. It is not your *caprice* to turn *herboriste*, surely ?"

Angèle laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"It would be a dainty caprice." Then her mood changed. She grew serious.

"It is for Mère Coïc. You know, father, I have spoken to you about her. She is old and left unprovided for. Her two daughters would have to go into service. They are accustomed to a home of their own, and one of them is a little deformed. It would be hard for them. Then, there is a tie between us."

As the General opened his mouth to give utterance to a long exclamation, she put her arms about his neck.

"If you knew all, papa, you would admire my pearl necklace. You would not wish one pearl of it otherwise. You see," she went on, with a little gasp, "la Mère Coïc is so learned in herbs. The good people about will not need a doctor when she has her shop."

"I do like it—your pearl necklace," said the General, passing the back of his hand over his eyes.

"And she will look so well—a picture!" Angèle went on, addressing Eugène. "Cannot you see her, with her big cap, against this background of wooden drawers and bottles, listening to the villagers' ailments, giving advice, weighing out doses in her scales? Are they not pretty—my scales?"

"They are too pretty; it is all too pretty," he answered smiling; "it is too much. You are like the beneficent fairy. You do not know where to stop; you overwhelm with your gifts."

"Do you not think she will like the new home I have prepared for her?" asked Angèle, her face falling.

"She will be dazed by the luxury and completeness of it at first; she will scarcely know what to do. You must expect that she will have to pull it about and make it a little uglier before she can feel completely at her ease in it."

Angèle cast a debating glance about her; then she said, looking at the paintings on the wall: "The pictures will make it seem homelike. I feel as if I could never do enough in reparation. I think she will be happy here," she went on after a pause. "If I am a bit of a prophet, I wager this shop will be like that of the barber, you know, in the Middle Ages—a *rendezvous* for all the gossips; and poor Père Coïc's pictures and genius will often be the theme of conversation."

As she continued speaking in her bright, incisive voice, the General installed himself in an arm-chair by the fire, stretched out his legs, and began to doze. Then the lovers talked in whispers, Angèle bending over the counter, Eugène, on the other side, sitting in a low chair, holding her hands. She did most of the talk; he listened, watching her, with the misty sense of happiness at its height. In the twilight, the fire lit up her hair, her pure young forehead, the white draperies about her throat; the flame played upon her eyes.

"Père Coïc had queer notions of painting, all the same," said Eugène, smiling as he looked up at the walls where the pictures hung.

She looked up also, a little smile upon her lips—one of her new smiles. "I never see one of them without feeling as I do when I come upon a wayside cross—I am inclined to pray."

"To pray?" he repeated.

"Yes; and when I think of Père Coïc, he always appears with something like a halo round his poor shabby head."

Meeting Eugène's puzzled expression of countenance, she smiled, although two big tears were in her eyes. Disengaging one hand from his clasp, she flicked them away. "They bring my old self before me," she resumed in her ardent voice. "I see myself as I was before that terrible day at the churchyard—so thoughtless, so hard; and—and I know if we had married, you would have been unhappy. I should have dragged you down—dragged down your art. When I think of it a fear seizes me, as if I were on the brink of a precipice."

Eugène uttered an exclamation, and tried to seize her hand; she evaded him, and put it gently on his head.

"Yes, my well-beloved, you know it would have been so," she said, letting a smile of gold drop upon him through her tears.

ALICE CORKRAN.

The Cry of the Mothers.

THE aspect of the Women's Suffrage question is different for different onlookers. It is the aim of many of our advocates to appeal to political instincts. They analyze division lists ; they take their stand on expediency ; they are a very little historical, and a very little philosophical ; and they deal largely in the political catch-words of the hour. All this is very clever. It gives me, individually, great pleasure ; but it seems to me to be just a little wanting in power to appeal to the broad common-sense of non-political humanity. It is also destitute of power to create deep sympathy for our cause. When I ask you to look at Women's Suffrage by the light of perhaps the bitterest wrong of women—this country's cruel laws affecting the custody and guardianship of children—I know that I risk making myself an object of scorn for politically minded persons.

Eighteen years ago, when John Stuart Mill introduced the first Women's Suffrage Bill into the House of Commons, he said : " Before it is affirmed that women do not suffer in their interests, as women, by the denial of a vote, it should be considered whether women have no grievances ; whether the laws, and those practices which the laws can reach, are in every way as favourable to women as to men ;" and, in his speech, he sketched the legal position of English women, anticipating that ghastly record, " The Wife Beater's Manual," and touching on many injustices. It is true, that was in the early days of the movement ; but, unfortunately, there are still many minds coming fresh and unprepared to the subject, and for them we must begin at the beginning. The movement is new for those who come newly to it.

I take, then, for my principal point, the state of the law of mother and child as illustrating women's need of Parliamentary representation. It is not without trepidation that I venture to treat of any branch of the law. But I have sheltered myself behind learned names where I could, and talked mostly in quotations. And I have a further defence to urge. A view of the law presents itself to the lay mind possibly quite as true as, but different from, that grasped by the legal mind. It has been truly said that no one can see all round a subject. It does not need a legal education to have right notions upon concrete justice and injustice. And experience gives marvellous insight. It has been well remarked that those who, in real life, see the bitterest fruits of the law's injustice are unfortunately often persons whose opinions on legal points carry little weight. Women feel the injustice in their own cases, or they see it working misery to the poor they visit; and the clergy and philanthropic laymen are brought face to face with it. Legal injustice comes before them in the concrete shape. But to those who could speak with authority on the law, that injustice appears in abstract form; their judgment may condemn it, but their feelings are not stirred by its bitter actualities. This is why bad laws are not repealed, and new, just measures enacted. Those who have the power have not the will, and those who have the will are powerless.

We women are told that our kingdom is the home; that, if we are true and good women, we live by the heart, not by the head; that our children should be not merely our first, but almost our only, concern; and, from babyhood, our training is such as to develop our feelings. Mill said, women are brought up, not like hot-house plants exactly, but like plants subjected to forcing on one side, and left, as to the other side, out in the cold. Well, with all this forcing, some of us become highly sensitive creatures. And to what end? Alas, in many cases, only that we may suffer the more! For

what if these phrases about our being "supreme at the fireside," and about our "reigning in the family," be a mockery to thousands of women? What if politics—that is, the enactments of Parliament—come between us and our children, and touch us in our tenderest affections? And, if these things are so, what woman ought to be indifferent to a vote? Mr. Jacob Bright said, in the House of Commons, Parliament is as sensitive to the wishes of the electors as mercury is to the weather!

Miss Eliza Orme, who is practising in London as a legal conveyancer, told me once that she considered my "law" slightly inaccurate, and she lent me Simpson "On the Law of Infancy" to instruct me. And I will ask leave to mention, in a parenthesis, that a dear German friend of mine asked me, "What is the title of the book you have borrowed?" When I replied, "Simpson on Infancy," her face beamed, and she said: "Ah, that must be *sweet*! It's about babies—is it not?" I thought my friend's comment on the grim law-book highly suggestive.

Well, Simpson says: "The father is entitled to the custody of his children," instancing various cases, and quoting Lord Eldon's words: "The law makes the father the guardian of his children by nature and nurture." Courts of law lay down the same rule. Again: "This right of the father, except as limited by statute, whether he keep the children under his own control *or place them with a third person*, is an absolute one," even against the mother, though the child be verily an "infant," not merely a *legal* infant, or minor. In *Strangeways v. Robinson*, a case is quoted of a father taking off his child, "by fraud and force," to the West Indies, the child being under seven. On a *habeas corpus* taken out by the mother, Lord Kenyon held that he had no jurisdiction to interfere. The Vice-Chancellor's remarks *Re Halliday* support this view: "The Court of Chancery cannot control the father's common law rights (with certain exceptions), nor has it even jurisdiction to let the mother have

access to the child," except after judicial separation under the Act of 1873.

As regards the rights of the mother after the father's death, they are absolutely nothing as against the testamentary or other guardian. In the case of *Talbot v. Shrewsbury*, Lord Cottenham thus stated the law: "When this case was before me in the autumn, I had considerable reason to believe that there was much misapprehension in the mind of the mother as to her rights as mother, and I thought it necessary to explain that, in point of law, she had no right to control the testamentary guardian. It is proper that mothers of children thus circumstanced should know that they have no right, as such, to interfere with testamentary guardians (*Reynolds v. Teynsham*), and the case will be the same if the guardians are appointed by the Court."

Was not the mother's mistake a natural one? What, then, is the value of the assurance that women are "supreme in the family"—that they "reign at the fireside"? There is a grim irony in the judge's saying that there was "much misapprehension in the mind of the mother as to her rights as mother." Alas! *what* rights has a mother? Mr. J. G. Cox, a young barrister and a brilliant journalist, has written in MERRY ENGLAND: "Complex as is English law, and difficult of mastery, there is one branch of it which may lay claim to a savage simplicity"—the law of mother and child!

In the case of *Waine v. Waine*, the mother, having been allowed to have her children with her during their holidays, refused to let them return to school; and this was held, in legal phrase, a "gross contempt." The Court, then, is clearly presumed to be a better judge than their own mother of the suitability of a school for the children; and a mother who should think *her* view valuable as to the fitness of the tone of the school for the temperaments, or dispositions, or health of her children, or the hundred other difficult and delicate questions

a good and tender mother would be sure to take into consideration, would labour under "much misapprehension."

After laying it down as good law that the child must be brought up in the religion of the father, even though no will have been left, and no directions on the subject, the commentator goes on to point out that this is a right in law which the father cannot waive: "Consequently, an agreement made by the husband and wife (even though it be made *before* marriage, and though the marriage, but for such agreement, would not have taken place) that the children, or some of them, shall be brought up in a religion different from their father's, is not legally binding."

The Agar-Ellis case exactly illustrates this summary, which is yet an inadequate expression of the state of the law, and may be more sweepingly given thus: *None* of the father's rights of guardianship are alienable. Anything he contracted would be quite invalid if he gave up his *despotism*—always excepting cases affected by the Act of 1873.

When I read references to dozens of cases, and reflect on the agony they probably represent, I feel as much anger against the law as pity for the poor sufferers. I have special means of forming some notion of the sum total of this misery, having had a vivid insight into the anguish of two mothers who have pleaded in vain for the custody of their children, and of another who is in hiding, having run away with her poor baby from a wicked and tyrannical husband.

Miss Ann Robertson wrote years ago: "In that very department of life called the sphere of woman—the family and the home—the deep sufferings of women have often struck those who are obliged to administer the law which bears so cruelly upon mothers with regard to the education, the guardianship, and the custody of their children," instancing, first, the Hawksworth case.

In this Hawksworth case, the living mother's dearest wishes

are set aside in favour of the *supposed* wishes of the long-dead father. It is also noteworthy that the *only* circumstance a judge would consider in determining a custody question of this kind is one affecting *the child*. "A *mother's* rights," said Baron Bramwell, "are NIL!"

Miss Robertson observes: "Not very long ago a report appeared in the newspapers of a case (in my own county) where the mother, Mrs. Garnett, was said to have tampered with her child's religion because, having changed her creed from that of her deceased husband, she taught her child the religion she thought best."

The present state of the law regulating the custody of children puts a terrible weapon into the hands of a cruel husband. Here is a case in point. The husband holds a hostage in the person of his child, and the poor mother is powerless. Any action of hers, displeasing to her tyrant, can be amply punished by cruelty to the child. I know the writer of the following letter *well*, and I have heard much of the sad case of which he treats:—

"Ten years ago I stood at the altar beside a gentle, beautiful, and high-minded woman—a perfect woman, nobly planned—and at the question, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' I placed her hand in that of her husband, believing that no evil could ever befall that trustful creature through any act of his. Would that the hand which did this had withered ere it gave her into such slavery as she has since endured. Within two or three years of the marriage he became a sot. I believe he has never earned a penny—certainly not during the past five years—but has indulged his drunken and dissolute habits on her earnings; for, although born and bred a lady, and reared in the lap of luxury—her father, a rich clergyman, having taken advantage of our benevolent law to disinherit his children in favour of his grandchildren—she has been compelled to turn to account, as a milliner, her natural taste and skill in making and designing Court and bridal dresses, and has thus kept a house over their heads in spite of

much illness induced by the constant terror of being with a brutal and drunken ruffian. Not many months ago she fled from the house covered with marks of his violence, taking her child with her, and a pet dog, which, subsequently, she had to have destroyed to save it from the torture her husband had threatened to inflict upon it. On discovering her flight, he smashed every little trinket and keepsake, photographs of her relations and friends, destroyed the only dress she had to see her fashionable customers in, and then went out to search for her, armed with the terrible power the British law places in the hands of a husband to reclaim his *slave*. He dragged her and her child from beneath the bed where a kind neighbour had concealed her, and would, probably, have then carried out his often repeated threat to murder them, but for the interference of the neighbours. He took them home, and drank himself into a condition of maniacal fury. What took place I will not harrow your hearts by describing. This is still going on, and *will* go on, until her broken health carries her to an early grave or this ruffian murders her. Of course we know the remedy—a judicial separation. Her answer to the urgent advice of friends to obtain this is: ‘I cannot leave my child with him. He will claim her, as he has often threatened, and she will have to bear alone all that we now suffer together.’ This is the case of thousands of women, perhaps the most common of all the causes which rivet the fetters on the poor slaves. Do not let women shrink from reading the police reports. Let them learn in their own happy homes what cruelty is daily endured by their less fortunate sisters. Let them, if need be, read and inquire until they feel the horror of it at least as keenly as many of us men feel it, and then they will join with those who believe that women *must* have a voice in making and altering those laws under which they live and suffer.”

Lord Cairns declared “that the laws affecting women are the worst that disgrace the Statute Book of this country.” Sir James Hannen, referring to the legal wrongs of mothers, speaks of “a monstrous jurisdiction, which exists only in this country.” The Master of the Rolls says: “The law trusts

that the father will perform his natural duties, *and indeed does not and cannot* inquire how they have been performed." Vice-Chancellor Bacon says: "The Court, whatever its authority or jurisdiction, has no authority to interfere with the father's right over his own children." Lord Bramwell, as we have seen, says: "The mother's rights are *nil*." Such are the opinions of distinguished judges on the inability of the Courts to allow *blameless* women any share in the custody and guardianship of their children, even when the father is totally unworthy to be their sole guardian.

In the case of *Lang v. Lang* there was evidence of continuous intemperance and maltreatment on the part of the husband; but the ruling was that this did not endanger either the physical or the moral interests of the children. In the case of *Steuart v. Steuart*, though the husband had inflicted serious injury upon his wife by repeated blows with his fist, and, though the conduct of the wife was held by the Court to be unimpeachable, she was deprived of all her children. Other cases, under both the Scotch and the English law, might be cited in which the assumed rights of the father have been upheld in spite of aggravated assaults upon the wife, and to the neglect of any claim to equality on the score of maternity.

These are mere dry abstracts from the Law Reports. I have not overstated my case. I have purposely understated it. There are words of burning eloquence on this subject that I wished to quote; but I have left them on one side, thinking that a plain statement of a great injustice would appeal more powerfully than warm denunciations—however merited—of that injustice.

Now, the unsatisfactory state of the laws affecting women is due to the fact that women are unrepresented in Parliament. In the words of the *Spectator* (a journal which, strange to say, does *not* advocate Women's Suffrage): "No good-will on the part of statesmen is enough effectively to fix the attention of the

Legislature on the miseries of the unrepresented, and adequate representation does a great deal more to bring to light what is evil in the condition of the people than any amount of right-mindedness that is not reinforced by the stimulus of political power."

In 1855, Ralph Waldo Emerson said, in a lecture :—

"I do not think it yet appears that women wish this equal share in public affairs. But it is they, and not we, that are to determine it. Let the laws be purged of every barbarous remainder, every barbarous impediment to women. . . . If you do refuse them a vote, you will also refuse to tax them—according to our Teutonic principle, no representation, no tax. The new movement is only a tide shared by man and woman; and you may proceed in the faith that, whatever the woman's heart is prompted to desire, the man's mind is simultaneously prompted to accomplish."

Emerson was grandly optimistic. It is not quite true that, in the matter of enfranchisement, man is woman's promptly obedient servant. But it is true that on us women chiefly depends the rapid success of the Women's Suffrage cause. Let us take another lesson from Emerson—the lesson of his example and of his precept;—let us dare to be in the right as we see it; let us dare to avow what we think. If our convictions are strong and noble, and expressed in all gentleness, *trust me* we shall not "lose caste" by them. Rather, the contrary. The *élite* of the little world of each of us will in the end come to us, lured by the attraction that resides in sincerity—in the *real* human heart, as distinct from the creature of unreality and convention. "The man that stands by himself, the universe (one day) stands by him also." And, again, Emerson characteristically says: "Hitch your waggon to a star. . . . Let us not fag in paltry works . . . no god will help. We shall find all their teams going the other way—Charles's Wain, Orion, Leo, Hercules; every god will leave us. Work rather for those interests which the divinities honour and

promote—justice, love, freedom, knowledge, utility.” “Observe,” he says elsewhere, “the marked ethical quality of the innovations urged or adopted. The claim of woman to a political status is in itself an honourable testimony to the civilization which has given her a civil status new in history. Now that, by the increased humanity of law, she controls her property, she inevitably takes the next step to her share in power.”

Shall we, women, take Michael Angelo’s course, “to confide in one’s self and be something of worth and value ;” or shall we make the “*Qu’en dira-t-on ?*” our miserable test—“What will they say ?” Oh, and if so, what a Barabbas choice we shall make. For *all* duty is great !

Long ago there was the sweet, strong “Cry of the Children.” Mine, in sadly rougher and feebler tones, is the cry of the mother—cry of the woman. Will you not hear it ?

E. M. LYNCH.

A Book of the Century.

YOU may look all through the lists of the best hundred books, with which an evening paper not long ago diverted us, and not one word will you find about the best book of all. To be cautious, indeed, I will so far circumscribe my eulogy as to say the best modern lay book. Now, there is nothing like facts and figures for an English audience. So here are three solid facts.

First, this book, which was published just forty years ago, has now reached in its original tongue the one hundred and forty-fourth edition—it lies on the table before me. Secondly, it has been translated into English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. What indeed has been the success of the other translations I cannot say, but the English, which I shall show presently is a masterpiece of translation, had reached the twenty-sixth edition ten years ago.* The third fact requires a certain exercise of mind to be grasped. Few, I hope, will contradict me when I affirm that any one who reaches the age of thirteen, twenty-three, or thirty-three must at one time of his life have reached the age of three. *Ergo*, if you begin to enjoy a book at three, there is a longer possible period of enjoyment than if you begin at a later period. And then, too, as Mr. Mulhall or any other great statistical writer will tell us, an enormous proportion of us never reach these later years at all. So a book you cannot begin

* What probable number has been reached now can be ascertained by those learned mathematicians who can solve the following problem : If the English editions were twenty-six when the German were 110 (which was the case), what will the English be when the German are 144. The unlearned must inquire at the booksellers.

till you are in your teens is of no value to at least one-third of mankind. Hence it is plain that *if* a book can be begun when you are three, and gives you innocent delight till you are ninety, it has an advantage even over Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Now, the book in question, which the writers in the *Pall Mall* so reprehensibly overlooked, precisely fulfils all these conditions, and is, as the sagacious reader will by this time have guessed, the immortal "Struwwelpeter." To the child of three it is already a delight, and continues such to all right-minded persons ever afterwards. Who does not rejoice at the punishment of cruel Frederick, and weep over the dreadful fate of Harriet, and laugh at the retribution which overtook the boys who made fun of the black-a-moor? And the fact that the pictures are so evidently German perhaps adds, at least for elder readers, to the enjoyment; while the English text, as I have already said, is a masterpiece. The unknown translator has exemplified the wisdom of that canon laid down by Sir Stephen de Vere, in his recent beautiful little volume of translations from Horace. We ought to give, he tells us, the thoughts of the author in the words he would have used, had he been writing in our own tongue. Indeed the so-called literal translation and verbal accuracy is, for poetry at least, mere caricature. Now, the translator of "Struwwelpeter," being a genius and not a pedant, gives us such English as the author would have written had English and not German been his native tongue. Let us give an example from the story of the three inky boys. These young gentlemen, giving a precocious example of oppressing weaker races, made fun of a harmless negro; whereupon tall Agrippa (his German name is Nicholas) rebuked them for their misconduct, and bade them desist. But they laughed all the more at the poor negro and his black skin. We turn over the page and witness the terrible consequences of their misconduct. The German verses, translated literally into English, run as follows:—

"Nicholas became angry and furious. You see him here in the picture. He seized fast hold of all three boys by the arm, the head, the coat, the waistcoat, both William and Louis and also Kaspar, who made resistance ; and he dipped them deep into the ink, in spite of Kaspar's cries of 'Fire!' Tall Nicholas plunged them over their heads in the inkstand."

Now compare the spirited version of the translator who gives the author's mind in English words :

Then great Agrippa foams with rage,
Look at him on this very page !
He seizes Arthur, seizes Ned,
Takes William by his little head :
And they may scream and kick and call,
Into the ink he dips them all ;
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are black as black can be ;
Turn over now and you shall see.

And if you do turn over sure enough there they are all blacker than any negro. I could add many more passages to show the excellence of the English version. In fact, were it not for the pictures, we might take it for an English original. The translator, indeed, being a man, cannot wholly escape human infirmities ; and his noble freedom has, it seems to me, in one case transgressed the proper bounds. This occurs at the end of the instructive story of Suck-a-Thumb. The boy—his name was Conrad—had been solemnly warned by his mother, before she went out, not to suck his thumbs in her absence ; for if he did, the tall tailor would be sure to come and cut them off with his scissors. But the mother's back was scarcely turned when the misguided youth again placed one of his thumbs in his mouth. A terrible scene follows. The tailor rushes in and cuts off both his thumbs with a gigantic pair of scissors. Finally the mother comes home and finds her son weeping and thumbless. In the English version she is represented as saying :

"Ah! (said mamma) I knew he'd come To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb." Now this passage, to use the newspaper phrase, creates a painful impression. The mother appears to exult in her prediction having been fulfilled; and we feel that poor Conrad, after so severe a punishment, requires comfort and bandages, instead of reproaches. And I do not believe the mother said anything of the sort. There is no kind of justification for it in the German text, which simply says: "When the mother comes home Conrad is a miserable sight to see. There he stands without any thumbs, for they are both off." This might be rendered somewhat as follows:

Home at last the mother comes;
There Conrad stands without his thumbs.
He screams and cries, but all in vain;
The thumbs will never grow again.

A word in conclusion, on the origin of this remarkable book. The author (I do not know if he is still alive) was a doctor in Frankfort, and was named Henry Hoffman. When called in to see children, he found a difficulty in their fear of him. For the Frankfort mothers indulged in the reprehensible practice of coercing their children with the fear of the doctor. "If you are not good, I'll fetch the doctor to you to give you nasty medicine, or put leeches on you." Of course when the doctor really was wanted for them, they screamed at the sight of him. But Dr. Hoffman was equal to the occasion. He used to take out pencil and paper, and proceed to invent some amusing story, and illustrate it as he went on. In this way he very soon dried the tears and won the confidence of his little patients. These drawings he coloured and bound up as a Christmas present for his own eldest boy when he was three, after having in vain searched through Frankfort for a suitable book for a child of that age. Naturally every child that saw the collection of drawings and heard the stories was enchanted; and at last his friends

persuaded him to publish it. So about Christmas 1845 the *Struwwelpeter* was published, and has had a course of triumph ever since ; nor do I know a more suitable place than the pages of *MERRY ENGLAND* in which to do honour to the name of Henry Hoffman, who has done more perhaps than any writer of the century to make England merry.

C. S. DEVAS.

After Harvest.

I KNOW not if its sun rose bright and fair,
That early August day whose name is writ
On the heart's tablet, searing, burning it ;
Only the flush of life was everywhere :
But in its dawning grey
One lay a-dying, half the world away.

Alas ! and here the young birds in the nest
Stirred, and, half-dreaming, one began to sing ;
The long gold shafts fell thick o'er head and wing,
And made a jewel of the robin's breast :
But as the day grew gold,
Death kissed a singing mouth, and left it cold.

Alack ! and here the rosy mists would creep
Down the blue peaks that looked against the sun,
And the tall poppies bloomed and burned anon
In the gold wheat the reapers came to reap :
Death stroked a young gold head,
Whispering low how sweet it is to be dead !

Still flushed our garden in the saffron dawn,
The rose's heart was dreaming of the bee,
Where the south wind was breathing spicily,
And the long shadows streaked the dewy lawn :
The eyes Death closed that morn
Were like wet violets when the spring is born.

Oh, good-bye, joy : for all the summer's done.
The year's at death—and many a sweet thing's slain ;
Good-bye to bird-songs and the waving grain.
But you, whose going withered our life's sun,
Out of your silence, say
Must we fare far before we find your May ?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Gesta Romanorum ; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF A PERFECT LIFE.

AN Emperor decreed that whoever wished to serve him should obtain his wish on condition he struck three times upon the palace-gate, by which knocks those within might understand what he wanted. Now there was a certain poor man in the Roman Empire called Guido, who, on hearing the mode by which admission to the Emperor's service was to be attained, thus thought—"I am a poor fellow of low descent, it is better for me to serve and acquire wealth than to live in independence and starve." So he proceeded to the palace and according to the edict gave three blows upon the gate. The porter immediately opened it and brought him in. He was introduced to the Emperor's presence, who said: "What seek you, my friend?" Guido replied, "I wish to serve your Majesty." "And for what office may you be fit?" returned the Emperor. "I can serve with tolerable expertness in six capacities," said Guido; "first, I can act as body-guard to the prince: I can make his bed, dress his food, and wash his feet. Secondly, I can watch when others sleep and sleep when others watch. Thirdly, I can drink good drink and tell whether it be good or not. Fourthly, I can invite company to a festival for my master's honour. Fifthly, I can make a fire without the least smoke, which will warm all that approach it. Sixthly, I can teach people the way to the Holy Land, from whence they will return in excellent health."

"By my faith," said the Emperor, "these are fine matters

and will be useful to a good many ; thou shalt stay with me and serve me first as body-guard. In each department thou shalt remain a full year." Guido expressed himself content ; and every night made ready the Emperor's bed, washed the linen, and occasionally changed it. Then he lay down at the entrance of the chamber armed at all points. He likewise provided a dog, whose barking might warn him of any danger. Every night he washed the king's feet, and in all respects ministered so faithfully and manfully that not the least fault was found in him. The Emperor therefore was well pleased, and at the expiration of the year made him his seneschal, preparatory to the fulfilment of the second office which was to provide everything requisite. Then Guido began his operations, and during the whole summer collected a variety of stores and watched with great assiduity the fittest opportunities. So that on the approach of winter, when others who had wasted the proper season began to labour and lay up, he took his ease and thus completed the service of the second year. When the Emperor perceived his diligence and sagacity, he called to him his chief butler, and said : " Friend, put into my cup some of the best wine, mingled with must and vinegar, and give it to Guido to taste ; for that is his third ministry, namely, to taste good drink and pronounce upon its qualities." The butler did as he was commanded. When Guido had tasted he said, " It was good ; it is good ; it will be good. That is, the must, which is new, will be good when it is older ; the old wine is good at present, and the vinegar was good formerly." The Emperor saw that he had answered discreetly and accurately. He therefore said, " Go now through town and country and invite all my friends to a festival, for Christmas is at hand : herein shall consist your fourth ministry."

Guido instantly set out ; but, instead of executing the orders he had received, he invited none but the Emperor's enemies : thus, on Christmas Eve, his court was filled with them. When

the Emperor observed this, he was exceedingly perturbed, and calling Guido to him, said, "How is this? Did you not say that you knew what men to ask to my table?" He answered, "Surely, my Lord." "And said I not," returned the Emperor, very much provoked, "said I not, that thou wast to invite my *friends*? How comes it that thou hast assembled only my enemies?" "My Lord," replied Guido, "suffer me to speak. At all seasons, and at all hours, your friends may visit you, and they are received with pleasure; but it is not so with your enemies. From which reflection, I persuaded myself that a conciliating behaviour and a good dinner would convert your inveterate enemies into warm friends." This was really the case; before the feast concluded, they all became cordial partisans, and as long as they lived remained faithful to their sovereign. The Emperor, therefore, was much delighted, and cried, "Blessed be God, my enemies are now my friends! Execute thy fifth ministry, and make both for them and me a fire that shall burn without smoke." Guido replied, "It shall be done immediately," and he thus performed his promise. In the heat of summer, he dried a quantity of green wood in the sun: having done this, he made a fire with it, that blazed and sparkled, but threw out no smoke: so that the Emperor and his friends warmed themselves without inconvenience. He was now directed to perform his last service, and was promised great honours and wealth on completing it also equally to the satisfaction of his master. "My Lord," said Guido, "whoever would travel to the Holy Land, must follow me to the sea-side."

Accordingly, proclamation being made, men, women, and children, in immense crowds, hastened after him. When they arrived at the appointed place, Guido said, "My friends, do you observe in the sea the same things as I do?" They answered, "We know not that." "Then," continued he, "do you perceive in the midst of the waves an immense rock? Lift

up your eyes and look." They replied, "Master, we see it well enough, but do not understand why you ask us." "Know," said he, "that in this rock there is a sort of bird, continually sitting on her nest, in which are seven eggs. While she is thus employed, the sea is tranquil; but if she happen to quit her nest, storm and tempest immediately succeed; insomuch, that they who would venture upon the ocean are certain to be cast away. On the other hand, as long as she sits upon the eggs, whoever goes to sea, will go and return in safety." "But," said they, "how shall we ascertain when the bird is on her nest, and when she is not?" He replied, "She never quits her nest, except on some particular emergency. For there is another bird, exceedingly hostile to her, labouring day and night to defile her nest and break the eggs. Now, the bird of the nest, when she sees her eggs broken, and her nest fouled, instantly flies away possessed with the greatest grief; then, the sea rages and the winds become very boisterous. At that time, you ought especially to avoid putting out of port." The people made answer, "But, master, what remedy is there for this? How shall we prevent the unfriendly bird from approaching the other's nest, and so pass safely over the waters?" "There is nothing," returned Guido, "which this unfriendly bird so much abhors as the blood of a lamb. Sprinkle, therefore, with this blood, the inside and the outside of the nest, and as long as one single drop remains, it will never approach it: the bird of the nest will sit: the sea will continue calm, and you will pass and repass with perfect safety." When they had heard this, they took the blood of the lamb, and sprinkled it, as he had said. They then passed securely to the Holy Land; and the Emperor, seeing that Guido had fulfilled every ministry with wisdom, promoted him to a great military command, and bestowed on him immense riches.

My beloved, the Emperor is our Heavenly Father, who decreed that whosoever struck thrice upon the gate—that is, who prayed, fasted, and gave alms, should become a soldier of the church militant. Guido is any poor man who in baptism begins his ministry. The first office is to serve Christ and to prepare the heart for virtue. The second, is to watch : “ For ye know not at what hour the Son of Man cometh.” The third, to taste of penitence ; which was good to the saints who live eternally in heaven ; and it *is* good, because it brings us to that blessed situation ; lastly, it *will* be good, when the resurrection is come, and we are summoned to receive a crown of glory. The fourth ministry, is to invite Christ’s enemies to become his friends, and inherit eternal life : for he “ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” The fifth, is to light the fire of charity which shall burn free from all impure and improper feelings. The sixth, to teach the way to the Holy Land—that is, to heaven. The sea, over which men must be conveyed, is the world. The rock, in the midst of it, is the human form, or rather the heart, on which a bird cowers, that is, the Holy Spirit. The seven eggs are seven gifts of the Spirit. If the Spirit leave us, the devil defiles the nest, and destroys those good gifts. The blood of the lamb is Christ’s Blood, shed for our salvation, with which we ought ever to be sprinkled—that is, ever to retain it in memory.

OF VENIAL SIN.

A certain soldier, called Julian, unwittingly killed his parents. For being of noble birth, and addicted, as youth frequently is, to the sports of the field, a stag, which he hotly pursued suddenly turned round, and addressed him : “ Thou who pursuest me so fiercely shalt be the destruction of thy parents.”

These words greatly alarmed Julian. Leaving, therefore, his amusement, he went privately into a distant country, and enrolled himself in the bands of a certain chieftain. His conduct, as well in war as in peace, merited so highly from the prince he served, that he created him a knight, and gave him the widow of a castellan in marriage, with her castle as a dowry.

All this while, the parents of Julian bewailed the departure of their son, and diligently sought for him in all places. At length they arrived at the castle, and in Julian's absence were introduced to his wife, who asked them what they were. They communicated without reserve the occasion of their search, and their sorrow for an only child. Convinced by this explanation that they were her husband's parents, (for he had often conversed with her about them, and detailed the strange occurrence which induced him to flee his country) she received them very kindly ; and in consideration of the love she bore her husband, put them into her own bed, and commanded another to be prepared elsewhere for herself. Now, early in the morning, the lady castellan went to her devotions. In the meantime Julian, returning home, hastened to the chamber of his wife, and perceiving two persons in bed, instantly he unsheathed his sabre, and slew both. Then in the greatest agitation and bitterness of heart he hurried from the chamber, in the direction of the church. On the threshold of the sacred building he distinguished his wife; and, struck with the utmost amazement, he enquired who they were that had taken possession of his bed. She replied that they were his parents ; who, after long and wearisome search in pursuit of him, had arrived at his castle the evening before. The intelligence was as a thunderbolt to Julian ; and unable to contain himself he burst into an agony of tears. " Oh ! " he exclaimed, " lives there in the world so forlorn a wretch as I am ? This accursed hand has murdered my parents, and fulfilled the horrible prediction, which I have struggled to avoid. Dearest wife, pardon my fatal suspicions,

and receive my last farewell ; for never will I know rest, until I am satisfied that God has forgiven me." His wife answered, "Wilt thou abandon me then, my beloved, and leave me alone and widowed ? No—I have been the participator in thy happiness, and now will participate in thy grief."

Julian opposed not, and they departed together towards a large river, where, from the rapidity and depth of the waters, many had perished. In this place they built and endowed a hospital, and there abode in the truest contrition of heart. Now all who had occasion to pass that river visited them, and great numbers of poor people were received within the place. Many years glided by. and at last, on a very cold night, about the mid-hour, as Julian slept, overpowered with fatigue, a voice of lamentation seemed to call his name. He instantly got up, and found a man covered with leprosy, perishing for very cold. He brought him into the house, and lighted a fire to warm him ; but he could not be made warm. That he might omit no possible means of cherishing the leper, Julian carried him into his own bed, and endeavoured by the heat of his body to restore him. After a while, he who seemed sick, and cold, and leprous, appeared enveloped in an immortal splendour ; and, waving his light wings, seemed ready to mount up into heaven. Turning a look of the utmost benignity upon his wondering host, he said, "Julian, the Lord hath sent me to thee, to announce the acceptance of thy contrition. Before long thou with thy partner wilt sleep in the Lord." So saying the angelic messenger disappeared. Julian and his wife, after a short time fully occupied in good works, died in peace.

My beloved, the knight Julian is any good Christian prelate who ought manfully to war against the devil, the world, and the flesh ; and to hunt—that is, to acquire souls for the service of God. He should flee from the world. and he will then receive the lady Castellan in marriage—that is, divine grace.

The parents are the vanities of this life, which pursue a man every where: *these* parents must be slain with the sabre of repentance. The river is the Holy Scriptures; and the hospital by its side, is prayer, fasting, and alms-giving.

OF THE SIN OF PRIDE.

We read in the Roman annals of a prince called Pompey. He was united to the daughter of a nobleman whose name was Cæsar. It was agreed between them to bring the whole world into subjection; and with this view Pompey gave instructions to his associate to possess himself of certain distant fortresses: for, the latter being a young man, it became him to be the more active and vigilant. Meanwhile, Pompey, as the chief person of the commonwealth, endeavoured to guard it against the machinations of their enemies; and appointed a particular day for the return of Cæsar—in failure of which, his property was to be confiscated to the use of the Roman empire. Five years were allowed him; and Cæsar, assembling a large army, marched rapidly into the country he was about to attack. But the inhabitants being warlike, and aware of his approach, he was unable to subdue them in the specified time. Choosing, therefore, to offend Pompey, rather than to relinquish his conquests, he continued abroad considerably beyond the five years; and was consequently banished the empire, and his wealth appropriated by the government. When Cæsar had concluded the campaign he turned towards Rome, marching with his forces across a river, distinguished by the name of Rubicon. Here a phantom of immense stature, standing in the middle of the water, opposed his passage. It said, “Cæsar, if your purpose be the welfare of the State—pass on; but if not, beware

how you advance another step." Cæsar replied, "I have long fought for, and am still prepared to undergo every hardship in defence of, Rome ; of which I take the gods whom I worship to be my witnesses." As he said this, the phantom vanished. Cæsar, then turning a little to the right, crossed the river ; but having effected his passage, he paused on the opposite bank :—"I have rashly promised peace," said he, "for in this case I must relinquish my just right." From that hour he pursued Pompey with the utmost virulence, even to the death ; and was himself slain afterwards by a band of conspirators.

My beloved, by Pompey understand the Creator of all things ; Cæsar signifies Adam, who was the first man. His daughter is the soul betrothed to God. Adam was placed in Paradise to cultivate and to guard it ; but not fulfilling the condition imposed upon him, like Cæsar, he was expelled his native country. The Rubicon is baptism, by which mankind re-enters a state of blessing.

OF THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE DEVIL.

There was a celebrated magician, who had a very beautiful garden, in which grew flowers of the most fragrant smell, and fruits of the most delicious flavour. But he invariably refused admittance to all except fools or enemies. When suffered to pass in, however, they felt great wonder ; and few having entered it wished to return. On the contrary, the delights which they experienced so infatuated their minds that they easily yielded to the demands of the magician, and resigned

their inheritances to him without the slightest reserve. The fools, of course, believing it to be Paradise, and that the flowers and fruits were of immortal growth, while they themselves were the chosen and happy possessors of the land, gave not another thought to the future. They luxuriated in voluptuousness, and surrendered the whole heart to impure gratification. The consequence was that, in a moment of sensual intoxication, the magician cut them off; and thus, through the instrumentality of a factitious Eden, perpetrated the foulest enormities.

My beloved, the magician is the world. It supplies what is called wealth; and this, when men have obtained, they close their hand upon, and believe themselves rich. Presently they open their hands, and the treasure has disappeared.

OF TRIBULATION AND ANGUISH.

In the reign of the Emperor Conrad, there lived a certain Count called Leopold, who, for some cause fearing the indignation of his master, fled with his wife into the woods and concealed himself in a miserable hovel. By chance the emperor hunted there; and, being carried away by the heat of the chase, lost himself in the woods, and was benighted. Wandering about in various directions, he came at length to the cottage where the Count dwelt, and requested shelter. Now his hostess, being at that time near the moment of her travail, prepared, though with some difficulty, a meal, and brought whatever he required. The same night she was delivered of a son. While the emperor slept, a voice broke upon his ear, which seemed to say, "Take, Take, Take." He arose immediately, and with considerable alarm, said to himself, "What can that voice mean? What am I to take?" He reflected upon the singularity of this for a short space, and then fell

asleep. But a second time, the voice addressed him, crying out, "Restore, Restore, Restore." He awoke in very great sorrow. Unable to explain the mystery, he again slept ; and the third time, the voice spoke. "Fly, Fly, Fly," it said, "for a child is now born, who shall become thy son-in-law."

These words created great perplexity in the emperor ; and getting up very early in the morning, he sought out two of his squires, and said, "Go and force away that child from its mother ; cleave it in twain, and bring its heart to me." The squires obeyed, and snatched away the boy, as it hung at its mother's breast. But, observing its very great beauty, they were moved to compassion, and placed it upon the branch of a tree, to secure it from the wild beasts ; and then, killing a hare, they conveyed its heart to the emperor. Soon after this, a duke travelling in the forest, hearing the cry of an infant, searched about ; and discovering it, placed it, unknown to any one, in the folds of his garment. Having no child himself, he conveyed it to his wife, and bade her nourish it as their own. The lady, pleased to execute so charitable an office, became much attached to the little foundling, whom she called Henry. The boy grew up, handsome in person and extremely eloquent ; so that he became a general favourite. Now the emperor, remarking the extraordinary quickness of the youth, desired his foster-father to send him to court, where he resided a length of time. But the great estimation in which he was held by all ranks of people caused the emperor to repent what he had done ; and to fear lest he should aspire to the throne, or probably be the same, whom, as a child, he had commanded his squires to destroy. Wishing to secure himself from every possible turn of fortune, he wrote a letter with his own hand to the queen to the following purport, "I command you, on pain of death, as soon as this letter reaches you, to put the young man to death." When it was completed, he went, by some accident into the chapel-royal, and seating

himself upon a bench, fell asleep. The letter had been inclosed in a purse, which hung loosely from his girdle; and a certain priest of the place, impelled by an ungovernable curiosity, opened the purse and read the purposed wickedness. Filled with horror and indignation, he cunningly erased the passage commanding the youth's death, and wrote instead, "Give him our daughter in marriage." The writing was conveyed to the queen, who, finding the emperor's signature, and the impression of the royal signet, called together the princes of the empire, and celebrated their nuptials with great pomp. When this was communicated to the emperor, who had quitted the palace, as well to give better opportunity for effecting his atrocious design as to remove the stigma of its execution from himself, he was greatly afflicted; but when he heard the whole chain of miraculous interposition from the two squires, the duke, and the priest, he saw that he must resign himself to the dispensations of God. And, therefore, sending for the young man, he confirmed his marriage, and appointed him heir to his kingdom.

My beloved, the emperor is God the Father; who, angry with our first parents, drove them from Paradise into the woods and desolate places of life. The child who was born is Jesus Christ, Whom many persecute; but Who will finally triumph. The squires are the divine power and grace operating upon the heart. The child is placed in a tree—that is, in the church; and the duke, who preserved it, is any good prelate. The slain hare is our carnal affections, which ought to be destroyed. The letter which the emperor wrote with his own hand is every evil imagination which possesses the heart. For then Christ is in danger of being destroyed. The priest who preserved the youth is any discreet minister, who by means of the Sacred Writings mollifies the asperities of the human soul, and betrothes it to Heaven.

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